HYMN XXXII.

Againſt DESPAIR.

OLD RALPH in the WOOD.

I.

A Raven once an Acorn took
From Baſhan's talleſt ſtouteſt tree;
He hid it by a limpid brook,
And liv'd another oak to ſee.

Thus

II.

Thus Melancholy buries Hope,
Which Providence keeps ſtill alive,
And bids us with afflictions cope,
And all anxiety ſurvive.